

Loves Lunacie.

38.

Or,
Mad Besses Fegary.

Declaring her sorrow, care and mone,
Which may cause many a sigh and grone:
A Young-man did this Maid some wrong,
Wherefore she writ this mournfull Song.

To the Tune of, *The mad mans Morris.*

Poor Bessie, mad Bessie, so they call me,
I'm metamorphosed;
Strange sights and visions I doe see,
by Furies I am led:
Tom was the cause of all my woe,
to him I loudly cry,
My love to him there's none doth know,
yet here he lets me lie.

This Bethlem is a place of torment,
here's fearfull notes still sounding;
Here minds are fill'd with discontent,
and terrors still abounding.
Some shake their chains in woollull tosse,
some sweare, some curse, some roaring,
Some crying out with fearfull cries,
and some their cloaths are tearing.

Curst Alecto that fierce fury,
Megara, Typhion I
Are governours of my late gloze;
wise Palas me doth hum:
My jewels, my jewels and my earrings,
are turn'd to iron fetters;
They now doe serve for others wearings,
such as are now my betters.

Orcades fautes now doe lead me,
Ore mountaines, hills and valleys,
Naiades both through waters by the me,
and Brizo with me dallies:
Sometimes I dreame of my Tom,
then with my folded armes
I him embrace, saying welcome,
but waking heeds my harmes.

Adrasfea now robbeth me,
of all my wit and patience,
Angarona will not receive me,
to live in peace and silence:
My mind runs on my fine apparell,
which once did fit my wearing:
Then with my selfe I come to quarrell,
my rage I fall to fearing.

Once I was as faire as Briseis,
and chaste as was Cassandra,
But living boyd of sorow and bittes,
I'm Hero to Leander:
For as chaste Hero her selfe doownd,
so I am downe in sorow:
The fates on me hath sorely frowned,
no patience I can borrow.

The second part,

To the same tune:



I like to faire Philomela,
by Terens basely ravished;
Yet when his burning lust did thaw,
he closely her imprisoned:
And even so I'm quite deflowered
by Tom of all my senses;
My love and meane he hath debowred,
making no recompences.

You Gods and all you Goddesses,
pray listen to my moaning,
And grace me with this happynesse,
to see my Toms returning.
O if you will not grant me this,
to send him hither to me,
Send me but word whereas he is,
and Tom, He come unto the.

If that he be in God Marces traine,
where armour brightly glister;
We sure He fetch him home againe,
in spite of the three Sisters:
O if he be in Venus Court,
where Cupid shoots his arrowes:
He fetch him thence from all his sport,
onely to ease my sorowes.

Stay, who comes here: tis the sisters three,
which lately I did mention,
I doubt they come to chide with me
and hinder my intention.
Clotho brings wool, Lachesis doth spin,
Atropos cuts asunder;
Now He away and not be sene,
each one is my Commander.

You Maids and Virgins faire and pure
note well my carefull calling,
You cannot thinke what I endure,
Cupid hath caus'd my falling:

When I was as now many be,
free from Gods Cupids arrowes,
I would have smild at any the,
that should tell me of sorowes.

My lodging once was soft and easie,
my garments silke and sattin;
Now in a Locke of straw I lie,
this is a wooll pittin:
My diet once was choise and fine,
all which did not content me;
Now I drinke water, once good wine
was naught unless it were sent me.

Thus pride and love together joyne
to worke my utter ruine;
They wrought my discontent in mind,
which causes my undoing.
And thus good people all adoe,
perhaps you nere may see me,
Farewell I bid once more to you,
I'm grieved soe believe me.

But if you chance once more to come,
bring tidings from my dearest,
By all meanes bring my true love Tom,
he's welcome when he's nearst:
The day is past, and night is come,
and here comes out my commander;
He'll locke me into a darke roome,
tis sorowes chiefest Chamber.

FINIS. Richard Cresswell.

AT LONDON.

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